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I believe I sighed deeply at this observation of Barry's notwithstanding the comic phraseology in which it was expressed.

"And would it be too much liberty to ask you," said Barny, "to drink a cup of tea, and to taste a slice of my good woman's bread and butter? And happy the day we see you eating it, and only wish we could serve you in any way whatsoever."

I verily believe the generous fellow forgot at this instant that he had redeemed my watch and wife's trinkets. He would not let me thank him as much as I wished, but kept pressing upon me fresh offers of service. When he found I was going to leave America, he asked what vessel we should go in. I was really afraid to tell him, lest he should attempt to pay for my passage. But for this he had, as I afterwards found, too much delicacy of sentiment. He discovered, by questioning the captains, in what ship we were to sail; and when we went on board, we found him and his sons there to take leave of us, which they did in the most affectionate manner; and after they were gone, we found in the state cabin, directed to me, every thing that could be useful or agreeable to us, as sea stores for a long voyage.—*Incident in a Tale entitled "To-morrow," by Miss Edgeworth.*

DECISION OF CHARACTER: HOWARD THE PHILANTHROPIST.—In decision of character no man ever exceeded, or ever will exceed, the late illustrious Howard. The energy of his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity; but by being unintermitted it had an equability of manner which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy, it was so totally the reverse of anything like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds; as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent. The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe in emolument or pleasure that would have detained him a week inactive after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity was not more unconquerable and invariable than the determination of his feelings towards the main object. The importance of this object held his faculties in a state of excitement which was too rigid to be affected by lighter interests, and on which therefore the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling which he could spare to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scenes which he traversed: all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere men of taste ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard: he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits who fulfil their commission of philanthropy among mortals do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings; and no more did he, when the time in which he must have inspected and admired them would have been taken from the work to which he had consecrated his life. His labours implied an inconceivable severity of conviction that he had *one thing to do*, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity. His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, as the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness as if it had been nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labour and enterprise by which he was to reach it. It was so conspicuous before him that not a step deviated from the direction, and every movement and every day was an approximation. As his method referred every thing he did and thought to the end, and as his exertions did not relax for a moment, he made the trial, so seldom made, what the utmost effect is, which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent; and, therefore, what he did not accomplish he might conclude to be placed beyond the

sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Omnipotence.—*Foster's Essays.*

KISSING OFF SAILORS.

AN Irish Guineaman had been fallen in with by one of our cruisers, and the commander of his majesty's sloop the Hummingbird made a selection of thirty or forty stout Hibernians to fill up his own complement, and hand over the surplus to the admiral. Short-sighted mortals we all are, and captains of men-of-war are not exempted from human imperfection. How much also drops between the cup and the lip! There chanced to be on board of the same trader two very pretty Irish girls, of the better sort of bourgeoisie, who were going to join their friends at Philadelphia. The name of the one was Judy, and of the other Maria. No sooner were the poor Irishmen informed of their change of destination, than they set up a howl loud enough to make the scaly monsters of the deep seek their dark caverns. They rent the hearts of the poor-hearted girls; and when the thorough-bass of the males was joined by the sopranos and trebles of the women and children, it would have made Orpheus himself turn round and gaze.

"Oh, Miss Judy! oh, Miss Maria! would you be so cruel as to see us poor crathurs dragged away to a man-of-war, and not for to go and spake a word for us? A word to the captain from your own purty mouths, and no doubt he would let us off."

The young ladies, though doubting the powers of their own fascinations, resolved to make the experiment. So, begging the lieutenant of the sloop to give them a passage on board to speak with his captain, they added a small matter of finery to their dress, and skipped into the boat like a couple of mountain kids, caring neither for the exposure of ankles nor the spray of the salt water, which, though it took the curls out of their hair, added a bloom to their cheeks, which perhaps contributed in no small degree to the success of their project. There is something in the sight of a petticoat at sea that never fails to put a man into a good humour, provided he be rightly constructed. When they got on board the man-of-war, they were received by the captain.

"And pray, young ladies," said he, "what may have procured me the honour of this visit?"

"It was to beg a favour of your honour," said Judy. "And his honour will grant it too," said Maria, "for I like the look of him."

Flattered by this shot of Maria's, the captain said that nothing ever gave him more pleasure than to oblige the ladies; and if the favour they intended to ask was not utterly incompatible with his duty, that he would grant it.

"Well, then," said Judy, "will your honour give me back Pat Flannagan, that you have pressed just now?"

The captain shook his head.

"He's no sailor, your honour, but a poor bog-trotter; and he will never do you any good."

The captain again shook his head. "Ask me anything else," said he, "and I will give it you."

"Well, then," said Maria, "give us Phelim O'Shaughnessy."

The captain was equally inflexible.

"Come, come, your honour," said Judy, "we must not stand upon trifles now-a-days. I'll give you a kiss if you give me back Pat Flannagan."

"And I another," said Maria, "for Phelim."

The captain had one seated on each side of him; his head turned like a dog-vane in a gale of wind. He did not know which to begin with; the most ineffable good humour danced in his eyes; and the ladies saw at once the day was their own. Such is the power of beauty, that this lord of the ocean was fain to strike to it. Judy laid a kiss on his right cheek; Maria matched it on his left; and the captain was the happiest of mortals. "Well, then," said he, "you have your wish; take your two men, for I am in a hurry to make sail."

"Is it sail ye are after makin'? and do ye mane to take all these poor crathurs away wid you? No, faith; another kiss and another man."

I am not going to relate how many kisses these lovely girls bestowed on the envied captain. If such are captains' perquisites, who would not be a captain? Suffice it to say, they got the whole of their countrymen released, and returned on board in triumph.

Lord Brougham used to say that he always laughed at

the settlement of pin-money, as ladies were generally either kicked out of it, or kissed out of it; but his lordship, in the whole course of his legal practice, never saw a captain of a man-of-war kissed out of forty men by two pretty Irish girls. After this, who would not shout "Erin go bragh!"

ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE.

Number 5.

THE specimen of our ancient Irish Literature which we now present to our readers, is one of the most popular songs of the peasantry of the counties of Mayo and Galway, and is evidently a composition of that most unhappy period of Irish history, the seventeenth century. The original Irish which is the composition of one Thomas Lavelle, has been published without a translation, by Mr Hardiman, in his Irish Minstrelsy; but a very able translation of it was published in a review of that work in the University Magazine for June 1834. From that translation the version which we now give has been but slightly altered so as to adapt it to the original melody, which is of very great beauty and pathos, and one which it is desirable to preserve with English words of appropriate simplicity of character:—

THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

I.

On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sit in woful plight,
Through my sighing all the weary day, and weeping all the night.
Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,
By the blessed sun, 'tis royally I'd sing thy praise, Mayo!

II.

When I dwell at home in plenty, and my gold did much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round—
'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm forced to go,
And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my own Mayo!

III.

They are altered girls in Irrul now, 'tis proud they're grown and high,
With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I pass their buckles by—
But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will have it so,
That I must depart for foreign lands, and leave my sweet Mayo!

III.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl in Irrul still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the hill.
And that Colonel Hugh Mac Grady should be lying dead and low,
And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo!

For the satisfaction of our Gaelic readers, we annex the original Irish words:

CONDAE MHAÍGEÓ.

Jr ar an loingreo Pháidí loingis do dhímhre an
tubhón

Ag ornaidh an rath oíche ir ag ríonjol rath ló
Mhuna mbeir zuri dallas mionteacht ir me a b'fao
om ríunhíon

Dar a mairneann! ir mair a chaoimhíon condae
Mhahígeo.

Shuair a mair mo chaitte búr bneag mo chur oir
Dolainn hionn Spaineach i zomhíuadair ban ó
Mhuna mbeir ríon ol na zóiríuadair rath t'ísh bheir mo
láríon

Ní a Sanzóiríu a zóiríuadair mo chaitte fán bhíon.

Táir zóiríuadair na háirte reo ag eiríuadair zó
míon

Fa éiríuadair ir fa háiríuadair zán t'íuadair ar bhíuadair
b'íon

Da éiríuadair damra an iairíuadair do zóiríuadair
zóiríuadair

Mhuna mbeir zuri zóiríuadair zóiríuadair a zóiríuadair
zóiríuadair

Dá mbeir Páiríuadair Lochlainn na iairíuadair iairíuadair
iairíuadair zóiríuadair

Brian t'ubh a chaitte na t'íuadair ar t'íuadair
míon

Shóiríuadair na zóiríuadair a chaitte a zóiríuadair
ir an mair bheir mo t'íuadair zóiríuadair Mhahígeo.

CAMEO-CUTTING.—This art is of great antiquity, and is pursued with most success in Rome, where there are several very eminent artists now living. Cameos are of two descriptions, those cut in stone, or *pietra dura*, and those cut in shell. Of the first, the value depends on the stone, as well as in the excellence of the work. The stones most prized now are the oriental onyx and the sardonyx, the former black and white in parallel layers, the latter cornelian, brown and white; and when stones of four or five layers of distinct shades or colours can be procured, the value is proportionably raised, provided always that the layers be so thin as to be manageable in cutting the cameo so as to make the various parts harmonize. For example, in a head of Minerva, if well wrought out of a stone of four shades, the ground should be dark grey, the face light, the bust and helmet black, and the crest over the helmet brownish or grey. Next to such varieties of shades and layers, those stones are valuable in which two layers occur of black and white of regular breadth. Except on such oriental stones no good artist will now bestow his time; but, till the beginning of this century, less attention was bestowed on materials, so that beautiful middle-age and modern cameos may be found on German agates, whose colours are generally only two shades of grey, or a cream and a milk-white, and these not unfrequently cloudy. The best artist in Rome in *pietra dura* is the Signor Girometti, who has executed eight cameos of various sizes, from 1½ to 3½ inches in diameter, on picked stones of several layers, the subjects being from the antique. These form a set of specimens, for which he asks £3,000 sterling. A single cameo of good brooch size, and of two colours, costs £22. Portraits in stone by those excellent artists Diez and Saulini may be had for £10. These cameos are all wrought by a lathe with pointed instruments of steel, and by means of diamond dust.

Shell cameos are cut from large shells found on the African and Brazilian coasts, and generally show only two layers, the ground being either a pale coffee-colour or a deep reddish-orange; the latter is most prized. The subject is cut with little steel chisels out of the white portion of the shell. A fine shell is worth a guinea in Rome. Copies from the antique, original designs, and portraits, are executed in the most exquisite style of finish, and perfect in contour and taste, and it may be said that the Roman artists have attained perfection in this beautiful art. Good shell cameos may be had at from £1 to £5 for heads, £3 to £4 for the finest large brooches, a comb costs £10, and a complete set of necklace, ear-rings, and brooch cost £21. A portrait can be executed for £4 or £5, according to workmanship.

VENETIAN PAVEMENTS.—A most beautiful art may be mentioned here in connection with the last, I mean that of making what are termed Venetian pavements which might advantageously be introduced into this country. The floors of rooms are finished with this pavement, as it is somewhat incongruously termed, and I shall briefly describe the mode of operation in making these, but must first observe that they are usually formed over vaults. In the first place, a foundation is laid of lime mixed with *pozzolana* and small pieces of broken stone; this is in fact a sort of concrete, which must be well beaten and levelled. When this is perfectly dry, a fine paste, as it is termed by the Italians, must be made of lime, *pozzolana*, and sand; a yellow sand is used which tinges the mixture; this is carefully spread to a depth of one or two inches, according to circumstances. Over this is laid a layer of irregularly broken minute pieces of marble of different colours, and if it is wished, these can be arranged in patterns. After the paste is completely covered with pieces of marble, men proceed to beat the floor with large and heavy tools made for the purpose; when the whole has been beaten into a compact mass, the paste appearing above the pieces of marble, it is left to harden. It is then rubbed smooth with fine grained stones, and is finally brought to a high polish with emery powder, marble-dust, and, lastly, boiled oil rubbed on with flannel. This makes a durable and very beautiful floor, which in this country would be well adapted for halls, conservatories, and other buildings.—*The Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*.

How destitute of humanity is he, who can pass a coarse joke upon the emblem of unfeigned sorrow.

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